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SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

The second series of *soirées* commenced auspiciously. The rooms were full, and the audience attentive and discriminating. In our opinion, the Society of British Musicians would act discreetly in continuing these *soirées*, with occasional intervals, all the year round. The good that results from them is incalculable. The fame of the society is everywhere spread—the names of the members are becoming gradually known and respected—and all through this excellent medium. With the continuation of such an advantage, nothing can arrest the progress of the institution, which eventually cannot fail—if the members keep united and resolved—if the strong help the weak, and the weak respect the strong—if brotherhood and good feeling continue, as now, to be the cement that holds the body of the state together—to assume the position it ought long ago to have held, viz.—of the first musical body in the empire. Go on, then—our brethren in love and in art—go on and prosper. Hold together, and, like the bundle of sticks in the fable, you will be able to resist the mightiest enemy who might wish to break you up—to scatter you in small cliques, and triumph in your annihilation.

The programme of Thursday night was as follows:—

QUARTET, in E flat, No. 4, Op. 10, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Willy, Weslake, Hill, and Hancock..... MOZART.
SONG, "Where is my lover," Miss Duval..... W. C. MACFARREN.
SONG, "Who has not mark'd," Mr. Handel Gear, (Amilie) W. M. ROOKE.
TRIO, in G minor (MS.), pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. C. E. Stephens, Willy, and Hancock..... G. J. LAMBERT.
QUINTET, in C minor (MS.), first time of performance, pianoforte, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. Westrop, Willy, Weslake, Hill, and Hancock..... HENRY WESTROP.
SCENA, "Ah! perfido." Miss Ley BEETHOVEN.
BALLAD, "I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden." Mr. Ferrari J. W. DAVISON.
QUARTET, in G, No. 1, Op. 80, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Willy, Weslake, Hill, and Hancock..... HAYDN.
GLEE, "When winds whistle cold." Miss Duval, Messrs. Handel Gear, and Ferrari SIR H. R. BISHOP.
The vocal music accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Jewson.
Director for the evening, Mr. H. Graves.

The masterly quartets of Mozart and Haydn were played in the best style, by Messrs. Willy, Weslake, Hill, and Hancock. These gentlemen merit equal commendation for their assiduous attention to the interests of the society, and for their eminent talents. Mr. Weslake, the youngest professor of the four, has hitherto officiated at the *soirées* solely as tenor—but, last Thursday, in resigning the instrument to Mr. Hill, its most accomplished master, he proved himself quite as ready a hand at the second violin—and as much as ever entitled to the thanks of his brother members. We trust that the plan of giving, regularly, two instrumental compositions of the great masters—by whom we mean, exclusively, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn (with Handel and Bach when available)—so as to keep the noblest models of plan and development constantly before the attention of the members—will be rigidly adhered to. The principal admitted—and rightly so, we think—that the works of foreign composers should be performed, let us have the best—and, except on rare and special occasions, no others. We have omitted Cherubini from the list, because of the paucity of his chamber compositions—confined, we believe, to a set of quartets, for stringed instruments. Nevertheless, it would be a great treat to the members and the subscribers, if one of those quartets were ably performed at either of the forthcoming *soirées*. We strongly recommend the one in C major, which merits attention from its elevated style, broad design, and masterly development. A quartet of Dussek, for once in a way, might also be a feature. There is a set of three, which the conceited but admirable artist sent to his London publisher, with a note something to this effect:—

Dear ———, I send you three quartets, which are not in the style of Haydn, nor in the style of Mozart, but in the style of
Yours, DUSSEK.

And pleasant, fanciful, good humored quartets they are, like their parent—who, if we may believe Mozart, might have been, had he studied zealously, (the dear, lazy, irresistible old fellow!) one of the greatest of the glorious ones, whose names are written on the hearts of men. But who is perfection? Even Mozart played all day at billiards, and (like the transcendental Cardanus, who wrote a treatise of abstruse mathematics at the billiard table, in the excitement of gambling—his most fatal passion—handing it over, sheet by sheet, to his bookseller) in-

dited some of his happiest thoughts while indulging in that fascinating game. Even Beethoven was a republican—even Mendelssohn is a politician—even Rossini is as idle a rascal as ever wrote heavenly melodies—why then should we blame poor Dussek, with his misfortunes and his uncertain health, for lacking what so many lack with no great qualities to atone for the want of it—industry? There is also a quartet in E flat, by Edward Loder, who though not a member is a distinguished English composer—and this quartet in all respects merits repetition. Pray, then, let us hear it again—gentlemen of the committee. And, to conclude, where are the quartets of George Macfarren—the first one in A, and the last one in F—dedicated to our friend Ernst?

But to return to the *soirée* of Thursday night—(Pardon our divergency of chatter, gentle reader.)—The very clever song of young Walter Macfarren was given by Miss Duval, in unpretending style, but hardly with the passion we should have anticipated from the singer and the song. However, we know and respect the talent of Miss Duval, and which of us is at all times up to the mark? The song was accompanied by its composer. The graceful air from Rooke's *Amilie* was pleasingly rendered by Handel Gear, and honored with the welcome usually accorded to an old friend. Mr. Lambert's trio was received with great favor—a fact partly attributable to its own merits, and in a great measure to the able manner in which it was executed by Messrs. C. E. Stephens, Willy, and Hancock. The *minuetto* and *trio*, the most effective portions of the work, received the compliment of an encore. The *quintet* of Henry Westrop was placed in an advantageous position—coming immediately after the work of a writer whose forte is certainly not experience. We like this arrangement much—the two instrumental features of the programme from the pens of members of the society should always be placed together, and in the middle of the concert—so as to give them the best position, and prevent their suffering by comparison with efforts of the giants of art—to compare them with which would be vain boasting, and to endeavour to rival which were almost a despair. Henry Westrop is one of our foremost men. There is a wild ruggedness about his music, which bespeaks independent thought. There is a constant striving for novel effects, and not always in vain. There is a carelessness about prettiness, that bespeaks a contempt for the trivial. There is a never flagging energy, which proves that the thoughts flow freely. To crown all there is an originality which maintains that the composer is no imitator. Add to these that we never hear a new composition of Henry Westrop without the desire to hear it again, and we shall be allowed to have said no small things of him. We have but an imperfect notion of the quintet given on Thursday night. A single hearing has merely afforded us the conviction that it is the best effort of its author—to say which is to say much, as Mr. Westrop's warm admirers will allow. The opening *allegro* in C minor is, as it should be, the most striking and important part. The style is large and forcible—the subjects

uncommon and well contrasted. The *andante* in A flat pleased us less, though it has some nice effects of instrumentation, and occasional clever combinations of harmony. The *finale* in C minor is wild and impetuous. The *motivo* (are we swallowing our own words?) reminds us in a slight degree of the *rondo* in Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*. Perhaps it may be the dwelling on the dominant cadence, which induces this feeling of resemblance. The movement is full of spirit and cleverness. Mr. Westrop undertook the pianoforte part himself, and but for a somewhat boisterous manner (to our notion), and an occasional independence of the intermediate notes in passages up and down the instrument, we presume it could hardly have been played with better effect. Messrs. Willy, Weslake, Hill, and Hancock—the admirable quartet we have already eulogised—undertook the subordinate parts, for which Mr. Westrop had every reason to be thankful. The quintet was received with enthusiasm. As we have dwelt *con amore*, and at length, upon the good points in Mr. Westrop as a composer, he will not be angry with us for mentioning what we conceive to be his faults. These are not heavy, but at the same time are enough to be called blemishes, on what would otherwise be not fairly assailable. Mr. Westrop, we think, sacrifices the continuity of his phrasing for the sake of obtaining variety of instrumental effect, and thus often destroys good melody by cutting it up into bits. Mr. Westrop thinks too freely for his contrapuntal skill,—and so he modulates, we do not say too frequently, but too daringly, and the effect is not seldom harsh and unnatural. To have done with our grumbling—Mr. Westrop is, in many instances, unmindful of the agreement of his brilliant *tours de forces*, his instrumental remplissage, his imitations, &c. &c. with the harmony indicated,—and thus the ear is occasionally shocked by passing notes that set propriety at defiance. But we are, perhaps, presuming too far in thus offering our opinion, though we will pay Mr. Westrop the high compliment to say, that he would rather be advised candidly and severely, than covered with indiscriminate and lavish praise.

Miss Ley, a new member, with a delicious *soprano* voice, and much evident feeling, only lacks experience to become a vocalist. She manifested enough of talent, however, to engage the sympathies of the audience, who applauded her liberally and kindly, and lost none of her many good points. Miss Ley would have shewn more tact, if less ambition, in choosing a song of inferior length and importance than "*Ah Perfido*," for her debut before a critical audience like that of Thursday night. She owed much to the admirable accompaniment and studious care of Mr. Jewson—who supported her at the pianoforte, in a manner deserving all commendation, and more than once restored her to *aplomb*, while wavering in uncertainty of intonation. However, we find every excuse for a young and assuredly talented *debutante*, and may safely predict, that study and experience will acquire for Miss Ley (thanks to her beautiful voice) a conspicuous position among our native singers. The best vocalization of the evening was that of Mr. Ferrari,

who, by impassioned expression and irreproachable taste, gave sufficient interest to Mr. Davison's ballad,—“I fear thy kisses gentle maiden,”—as to win a unanimous demand for its repetition. The second time was better than the first, the singer having gained self-possession by the general feeling of approval displayed by the audience. As we cannot with propriety say any thing in praise of ourselves—in an article, moreover, with our initials at the foot of it—we shall (to escape the castigation of some of our stanch and magnanimous friends) offer no opinion on the ballad in question, further than to state that it is an attempt to embody in music one of the sweetest, most gentle and delicate of the minor poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley, whose early death* was as great a loss to poetry as that of Mozart to music, and of Raphael and Correggio to painting. The poem is so short that we shall take the liberty to quote it:—

“I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou need'st not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden,
Ever to burden thine.

“I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
Thou need'st not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.”

Bishop's charming glee was well given by Miss Duval, Messrs. Handel Gear, and Ferrari—and effectively wound up the concert. Mr. Jewson was the accompanist, and performed his task with eminent skill and taste—and Mr. Graves was an excellent director.

The second concert of this series is fixed for Thursday evening, Jan. 30.

Among other eminent artists in the room, we observed, with sincere pleasure, the justly celebrated pianist, Mr. Henry Field, of Bath—who, with the liberality and artist-like feeling for which he is noted, was most earnest in his attention to, and most zealous in shewing his approval of whatever was good during the evening. J. W. D.

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

“Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!”

SHAKESPEARE.

NO. IV.

THE FIRST OPERA.

A few days ago I received an unexpected visit from my friend, Charles Emerson. We had not met for some time; for such is the state of the art that, although one of the first musicians of the day, and a composer of no ordinary genius, he has been compelled to reside for the last three years in a small country town, devoting his youthful energy to the monotonous duties of an organist's situation and the professorship of two young ladies' boarding-schools. We had, of course, much to say to each other on matters musical, and, in the course of the evening, he related to me the fate of his first and only opera. I had just thrown together a few remarks on the obstacles opposed to the progress of music

* Poor Shelley was drowned near Leghorn, when only thirty summers had passed over his head!

in England by the absurd attempt to unite opera and the drama in the same establishment, when it struck me that this story alone would far more forcibly illustrate the fact. As we had grown exceedingly confidential, and he did not disguise from me a single event, I feel that I cannot do better than endeavor to relate it, as nearly as possible, in his own words.

“I need scarcely tell you (he commenced) with what glowing anticipations of future eminence I folded up my first opera and sent it, forthwith, to one of the principal theatres. The music had been seen and praised by many whose opinion I had a right to be proud of, and I was young and sanguine enough to imagine that this was a sufficient guarantee for its instant production. I waited long and anxiously. At length it was returned to me—so clean, so unruffled—that, had it not been for the enclosed note, I should have imagined that it had been scarcely opened. Nothing daunted, however, I sent it to another and, in turn, to every theatre in London, but with no better success; indeed the great difficulty I now experienced was one which I had not foreseen, for, instead of having it sent back, as at first, accompanied with a polite negative, I did not usually receive any answer at all—and, after calling day after day at the stage door, I was sometimes informed that they could not find it; and at other times, that they had never had it. My whole time and thoughts were therefore (as you see) now fully occupied in getting my opera back. I was just beginning to despair, when I accidentally met with a gentleman, at a party, who had some influence at one of the chief theatres. This gentleman, it appeared, had been mainly instrumental in presenting the lessee with a testimonial from the company, in honor of his having paid them their salaries. He was kind enough to take me by the hand, and having introduced my opera at the very establishment to which I had first sent it, I had shortly the satisfaction of receiving a letter requesting that I would call on the acting-manager in the course of the week.

“I had, as you may imagine, like most persons who have seen little of theatres, magnificent ideas of the fairy regions to which I was now about to be conducted; so that I was not a little disappointed when, on entering the stage-door, I beheld a miserable, dirty lobby, with a door leading into a gloomy passage, and on which was the announcement that nobody could be admitted except on business of the theatre. A large card-rack, alphabetically subdivided, and full of letters and cards, was fastened close to the wall, and several fire-pails were arranged systematically over the door.

“As nobody took the slightest notice of me, I addressed a man who was eating at a rickety table in a corner, and enquired if Mr. Medium was there. Without at all disturbing himself from his repast, he replied that he was there, but couldn't be seen.

“This was rather chilling, but I instantly renewed the attack.

“‘At what time,’ said I, ‘will he be disengaged?’

“‘Don't know,’ said he.—‘May be two—may be three o'clock;—can't say at all.’

“Feeling that I was entirely at the mercy of these men, I resolved to suppress the chagrin I felt at this reception, and, seating myself upon a bench near the fire, patiently awaited my time. Whilst I remained there many persons passed through the lobby and vanished, with a professional air, through the mysterious door. Occasionally a magnificent equipage would drive up, and an elegantly-dressed lady, alighting from it, would brush past me, followed by a fierce-looking gentleman with a small horsewhip in his hand, who seemed disposed to revenge the slightest attempt at insult. At length my patience was quite exhausted, and, seizing a person who was passing through, I enquired if he would take my card to Mr. Medium. He was evidently struck by my determined air, and replied that he would if he could see him. Another half hour passed, and I was about to quit in utter desperation, when the door opened half way, and a man called out ‘Person waitin' for Mr. Medium!’ I rushed forward, and, following my conductor through a number of dark passages and across what I supposed to be the stage, was ushered into the presence of the acting-manager. As soon as I entered the room he rose, bowed politely, and, unlocking a drawer, drew forth my manuscript and addressed me thus:—

“‘Mr. Emerson, I am happy to inform you that your opera has been approved. (I bowed.) But I must also tell you that many alterations will be necessary. (I shuddered.) In the first place, we have no second tenor that we can depend upon, and I would, consequently, recommend you to cut the whole of his music out. In the next place, the *scena* in the first act, and the long trio in the forest scene, would never be stood by a theatrical audience, depend upon it.’

“‘But, sir,’ I ventured to say, ‘these very pieces have been pronounced by musicians to be amongst the best things of the opera.’

“‘Very likely,’ replied he, advancing towards me and speaking kindly; ‘very likely, indeed; but, my dear sir, these were the opinions of musicians only, and, in a house devoted solely to music, would, of course, be of the greatest value. Here you must not forget that we are

in a theatre; we have to act to boxes, pit, and gallery—and, when you have had as much experience as I have in these things, you will thank me for the advice I am about to give you. Take your opera home—make the alterations required—and think yourself exceedingly lucky to get before the public in any way.

"I felt that these words were spoken from the heart, and, warmly shaking him by the hand, I promised to obey him implicitly. I took the manuscript away, cut and altered it to order, and, in a week from my interview with Mr. Medium, it was actually put into rehearsal.

"It will be unnecessary to detain you with an account of the various miseries I had to undergo before its production. Without possessing any real qualifications for the office, I found myself compelled to act as universal pacificator to the company—and as, during the whole of the rehearsals, no sooner was one petty jealousy appeased than another rose to supply its place, you may imagine that I had no easy time of it.

"At length the eventful evening arrived, and, with a palpitating heart, I took my seat in a private box. The overture began; every bar was listened to with breathless attention, and the curtain rose to a whirlwind of applause. The opening chorus was well received, and on the entrance of the Princess (my prima donna), surrounded by her attendants, the whole house literally cheered her. I threw myself back in the chair, and anxiously awaited the effect of my first song. It was encored. From this point the enthusiasm of the audience gradually increased, and the judicious and hearty applause bestowed upon the opera throughout fully proved to me the fallacy of the observation, that we are not a musical nation. The success, was, indeed, complete, and at the conclusion, two or three of the principal singers were summoned before the curtain. I was in the act of quitting my box, when Mr. Medium rushed towards me, without saying a word, and pulled me, by main force, through a private door and down a flight of stairs. I now heard my name repeatedly called throughout the theatre, and, scarcely knowing how I got there, I found myself upon the stage. I have an indistinct recollection of bowing before a sea of heads, and seeing a number of white handkerchiefs in the distance. As soon as I could get free I went into the green-room. The first person I caught sight of was the Lessee endeavouring to hide behind a door; and when I entered the room, expecting to be overwhelmed with congratulations, a number of actors, who were talking earnestly together, appeared scarcely to notice my presence. Those singers, however, who had been called before the curtain, advanced and shook me cordially by the hand, but all the rest, without exception, had retired from the stage to their dressing-rooms, and although I waited nearly an hour, not one appeared in the green-room during the rest of the evening.

"The reception of the opera had been so triumphant that I was totally unable to account for this extraordinary behaviour on the part of the company, and it was not without some few vague misgivings that I at length quitted the theatre for the evening. Half an hour's cool reflection, however, convinced me that I had nothing to fear, and I sought the repose of my own lodgings with a fixed determination to think no more.

"The next morning the bills informed the public that the opera, having been "decidedly successful," would be repeated that evening and the next. As red letters and monster placards were matters unknown to me, I imagined, in my innocence, that such a simple announcement was all that could be desired. In this happy frame of mind, therefore, I entered a coffee room, and, blandly ordering a cup of coffee, proceeded to read my fate in the morning journals. The critiques were peculiar, and somewhat contradictory. One commenced by laying before its readers what somebody had said about music in the sixteenth century, and then came what somebody else had said upon what he said. This was followed by a history of the introduction of the Italian opera into England, and a brief sketch of the life of Handel. At the conclusion of this vast parade were a few lines upon my opera, declaring it to have been well received, giving a correct list of the characters, and awarding much praise to the scene-painter. Another spoke so learnedly of the music that it quite frightened me. I solemnly declare that half the terms used I had never even heard of before: and if (as they concluded by saying) the "noble marquis" and the "illustrious count" did applaud so energetically from their private boxes, I am exceedingly glad that they had such faithful chroniclers, for the fact had quite escaped my observation. A third critic advised me, in a friendly way, to avoid identifying myself with the "severe German school;" and a fourth begged to suggest that Rossini, although a great man himself, was by no means a good model for a young composer. In fact, many hints were thrown out to guide me in my future career; and if I did not rise from the table a wiser man, it was only because one piece of advice so neutralised another, that I was really perplexed which to follow.

"As I had been told that so much depended upon the second night of a new production, it was with no little trepidation that I took my seat, at seven o'clock, in a stage-box, and glanced around at the house. It was tolerably full, but it struck me that there was an absence of that warmth

and predisposition to be amused amongst the audience which I had observed on the preceding evening; a coldness appeared to reign throughout the theatre, and even the orchestra seemed to partake of the general epidemic. No sooner had the opera commenced, however, than the people began to thaw, and had the execution of the music been at all equal to that of the previous night, I have no doubt that the applause would have been as unanimous;—this, unfortunately, was far from the case. It was true that those who played the first-rate characters exerted themselves to the utmost, but *all* those who acted at all subordinate ones appeared scarcely able to utter a note. To make matters worse, too, the failure of voice was not the only thing—for they seemed actually to have forgotten every line that was set down for them. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the success of the opera was unequivocal, and I had now, of course, every reason to imagine that it was fully established in public favor.

"As soon as I made my appearance in the green-room, excuses poured upon me from all quarters. One lady (who played the constant attendant upon the Princess) had been suddenly attacked with a violent cold, which rendered singing exceedingly dangerous—especially (she said) the *very high* music I had written for her. Another, who played a young peasant girl, (a nice little part, I assure you) had just heard of the death of an intimate friend in the country, and the news had so preyed upon her mind that she feared she should be compelled to give up the character for a week to compose herself. A baritone singer, who had much to do in the concerted pieces, had been drenched to the skin, he said, the night before, and had been forced to sit in his wet clothes, which had materially impaired his voice. In short, so serious was the list of casualties, that had it not been for the prima donna, first tenor, and principal bass (who were all in excellent health and spirits), I should have trembled for the fate of my opera.

"As I was about to leave the green-room, my attention was drawn to a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, surrounded by a group of listeners, who was declaring that it was his decided intention to electrify the audience forthwith;—that few actors understood how to pourtray the stern and noble Roman character in all its phases, and that whenever and wherever he had acted, there had not been a dry eye in the house. At another part of the room, the principal low comedian and a very pretty girl (evidently the first fascinator of the company) were mutually complaining that they had not been on the stage for nine successive nights; and regretting that the Lessee had not sufficient discernment to discover where real talent was to be found.

"I left the theatre that evening in a meditative mood. Although at that time I knew but little of the mysteries of dramatic politics, I had just heard enough to convince me that all was not going on right without precisely knowing what was wrong. The vision of the tall gentleman, habited in the flowing robes of a Roman and making tears to flow at will, would occasionally steal across my mind; and the low comedian and the pretty girl I had seen together in the green room appeared to reproach me for conspiring to keep them from the stage. I had evidently committed a crime against one portion of the company by not writing all the parts equal, and against the other by having written an opera at all. As I wheeled my arm-chair closer to the fire, however, and drew the window-curtains of my little study, I began gradually to arrive at a more comfortable frame of mind, and feeling convinced that notwithstanding these minor difficulties, nothing could occur to interrupt the career of so successful a production, I resolved to dismiss at once all useless suspicions, and to employ myself in the more agreeable task of conjuring up bright visions of the future. Full of these pleasant reflections I retired to rest, and dreamed that I was being presented with a silver *baton* in the presence of the audience.

"I arose in the morning in a good humor with everything and everybody; and, throwing my cloak around me, disposed myself for a walk. The air was delightfully refreshing, and, my ideas flowing freely, I had almost composed a grand chorus of brigands, when a bill of the evening's performance at the theatre suddenly riveted me to the spot. I could scarcely believe my eyes; there was no mention of my opera, and the announcement ran thus:—

"LEGITIMATE DRAMA IN THE ASCENDANT!"

This evening will be acted the classical play, in five acts, called
A ROMAN'S SACRIFICE,
OR THE PATRIOT'S DOOM.

After which, a new interlude, entitled
PRETTY LITTLE PRATTLERS.
To conclude with the laughable farce of
GONE TO JERICO!"

"I never wrote a second opera. A few months afterwards an organist's situation was vacant in the country; I became a candidate—was fortunately elected to the office—and have now quietly settled down into a teacher. My leisure time is chiefly occupied in writing songs for young ladies, and dedicating them to their mothers.

THE FANCY CONCERT.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

They talk'd of their concerts, their singers, and scores,
And pitied the fever that kept me in doors;
And I smiled in my thought, and said, "O ye sweet fancies,
And animal spirits, that still in your dances
Come bringing me visions to comfort my care,
Now fetch me a concert—imparadise air."

Then a wind, like a storm out of Eden came pouring
Fierce into my room, and made tremble the flooring;
And fill'd, with a sudden impetuous trample
Of heaven its corners; and swell'd it to ample
Dimensions to breathe in, and space for all power;
Which falling as suddenly, lo! the sweet flow'r
Of an exquisite fairy-voice open'd its blessing;
And ever and aye, to its constant addressing,
There came, falling in with it, each in the last,
Flageolets one by one, and flutes blowing more fast,
And hautboys and clarinets, acrid of reed,
And the violin, smoothlier sustaining the speed
As the rich tempest gather'd, and buz-ringing moons
Of tambours, and huge basses, and giant bassoons;
And the golden trombonè, that darteth its tongue
Like a bee of the gods; nor was absent the gong,
Like a sudden, fate bringing, oracular sound,
Or earth's iron genius, burst up from the ground,
A terrible slave, come to wait on his masters
The gods, with exultings that clang'd like disasters;
And then spoke the organs, the very gods they,
Like thunders that roll on a wind-blowing day;
And, taking the rule of the roar in their hands,
Lo, the Genii of Music came out of all lands;
And one of them said, "Will my lord tell his slave,
What concert 'twould please his Firesideship to have?"

Then I said in a tone of immense will and pleasure,
"Let orchestras rise to some exquisite measure;
And let there be lights and be odours; and let
The lovers of music serenely be set;
And then, with their singer in lily-white stoles,
And themselves clad in rose colour, fetch me the souls
Of all the composers accounted divinest,
And, with their own hands, let them play me their finest."

Then, lo! was perform'd my immense will and pleasure,
And orchestras rose to an exquisite measure;
And lights were about me, and odours; and set
Were the lovers of music, all wond'rously met;
And then, with their singers in lily-white stoles,
And themselves clad in rose colour, in came the souls
Of all the composers accounted divinest,
And with their own hands, did they play me their finest.

Oh, truly was Italy heard then, and Germany,
Melody's heart, and the rich brain of harmony;
Pure Paisiello, whose airs are as new
Though we know them by heart, as may-blossoms and dew;
And nature's twin son, Pergolesi; and Bach,
Old father of fugues, with his endless fine talk;
And Gluck, who saw gods; and the learned sweet feeling
Of Haydn; and Winter, whose sorrows are healing;
And gentlest Corelli, whose bowing seems made
For a hand with a jewel; and Handel array'd
In Olympian thunders, vast lord of the spheres,
Yet pious himself, with his blindness in tears,
A lover withal, and a conqueror, whose marches
Bring demi-gods under victorious arches;
Then Arne, sweet and tricksome; and masterly Purcell,
Lay-clerical soul; and Mozart universal,
But chiefly with exquisite gallantries found,
With a grove in the distance of holier sound;
Nor forgot was thy dulcitude, loving Sacchini;
Nor love, young and dying, in shape of Bellini;
Nor Weber, nor Himmel, nor mirth's sweetest name,
Cimarosa; much less the great-organ voiced fame
Of Marcello, that hush'd the Venetian sea;
And strange was the shout, when it wept, hearing thee,
Thou soul full of grace as of grief, my heart-cloven,
My poor, my most rich, my all-feeling Beethoven.

O'er all, like a passion, great Pasta was heard,
As high as her heart, that truth uttering bird;
And Banti was there; and Grassini, that goddess!
Dark, deep-toned, large, lovely, with glorious bodice;
And Mara; and Malibran, stung to the tips
Of her fingers with pleasure; and rich Fodor's lips;
And manly in face as in tone, Angrisani;
And Naldi, thy whim; and thy grace, Tramezzani;
And was it a voice? Or what was it?—say—
That like a fallen angel beginning to pray,
Was the soul of all tears, and celestial despair!
Paganini it was, 'twixt his dark flowing hair.

So now we had instrument, now we had song—
Now chorus, a thousand-voiced, one-hearted throng;
Now pauses that pamper'd resumption, and now—
But who shall describe what was play'd us, or how?
'Twas wonder, 'twas transport, humility, pride;
'Twas the heart of the mistress that sat by one's side;
'Twas the graces invisible, moulding the air
Into all that is shapely, and lovely, and fair,
And running our fancies their tenderest rounds
Of endearments and luxuries, turn'd into sounds;
'Twas argument even, the logic of tones;
'Twas memory, 'twas wishes, 'twas laughter, 'twas moans;
'Twas pity and love, in pure impulse obey'd;
'Twas the breath of the stuff of which passion is made.

And these are the concerts I have at my will;
Then dismiss them, and patiently think of your "bill."
(*Aside*) Yet Lablache, after all, makes me long to go, still.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

BY J. R. LING.

Sweet river, as thy banks I roam,
My heart with rapture fills;
For thou remind'st me of my home,
Far o'er the distant hills.
And as thou murmurest along,
Methinks the voice I hear
Of early friends, or some old song,
Which memory holds dear.

Thy glittering surface seems to show
The sky I've left so long;
And well remembered objects flow
Thy rippling waves among.
But surely as thy gliding stream,
Still keeps its onward way;
So each fond hope, each happy dream,
Like thee—must pass away.

Original Correspondence.

M. SAX AND THE DISTIN FAMILY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,
Knowing you to be friendly to talent, no matter whence springing, I think it right to let you know a few particulars, which, according to my own notion of justice, demand publicity. When the Distin family, a short time since, were engaged to play at the concerts of M. Jullien, they announced their performance for the first time on certain instruments which had been presented to them by his majesty King Louis Philippe. It appears to me, that as a mere matter of justice, the Messrs. Distin should have let the public know that the instruments called (*Sax-horns*) on which they were about to play, were the invention of M. Sax, from whom they (the Messrs. Distin) received them as a donation,—and by whose influence they (the Messrs. Distin) were enabled to perform before the King of the French, who presented them with five hundred francs for their pains. One of these same instruments (*Sax-horns*) was offered in person by M. Sax to his royal highness Prince Albert, who

honoured M. Sax by accepting it. These things should be made known, in justice to an artist of very great talent, and most unpretending manners—and if the "Musical World" will afford him the advantage of its wide publicity, it will at the same time be sustaining its reputation for impartiality, and performing an act of nothing less than strict justice. Pray excuse the liberty I take in writing to you on the subject, and believe me your constant subscriber and obedient servant,

A FOREIGN ARTIST RESIDENT IN LONDON.

P. S.—I enclose my name and address.

[Wishing to do every one justice to the utmost of our power, we have inserted the above. Our columns, we need scarcely say, are open to the Messrs. Distin, if they think proper to reply. We have received the name and address of our correspondent.—ED. M. W.]

CHURCH MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Bradford, Yorkshire, January 17th, 1845.

Dear Sir,

By your omission of *part of my letter* in your last number, a wrong impression is conveyed to your readers, which, perhaps, you will allow me to correct.

After stating my appointment as organist of St. James's Church, in this town, the following is the omission to which I allude.

"Soon after I entered upon the duties of organist, continued changes occurred in the arrangement of the services, by request of the incumbent. Thus, Tallis's Versicles and Responses were speedily consigned to oblivion; as also the Responses after the Commandments. It was also arranged that, after each of the Psalms of the day (which are read) the Gloria Patria was to be sung, and the Sanctus taken immediately before the Gospel! These inconsistencies were followed by a request that I would play certain tunes from Cheetham's Psalmody, arranged by Holdsworth, amongst which were the following—*Clarke's Devizes, Mount Pleasant, Narcissus, Mariner's Hymn, Burnham, Vesper Hymn, Justification, &c. &c.!!!* in order that certain members of the congregation might join in the singing, as they could not sing my tunes. It may be here observed that, with one or two exceptions, the tunes I played were amongst the *oldest and finest specimens* of the Psalmody extant.

"On the communication of this latter request, and finding further remonstrance useless, I considered it my duty, as a church musician, to resign the appointment—for I hold it a principle with every one possessing any love or respect for his art, to sacrifice even personal interests and advantage rather than countenance any thing which may tend to the degradation of the science, which claims as its own, &c. &c."

Believe me to remain, dear sir, faithfully yours,

CHARLES D. HACKETT.

WORKS ON ORGAN BUILDING.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Kilkenny, January 19th, 1845.

Dear Sir,

Can you inform me if there is any work published on Organ Building; and, if so, which is the best, and how is it to be obtained?

I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

G. D.

[Perhaps some of our readers may be able and ready to answer this question, in doing which they will oblige us.—ED. M. W.]

BIRDS ON THE WING.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

January 20, 1845.

Sir,

Observing a letter from "A Constant Subscriber," (dated Lincoln) who enquires what birds are on the wing in the provinces, I send a list of the places (and dates) where Thalberg, Miss Dolby, Miss E. Birch, Mr. J. Calkin, and Mr. John Parry, intend to give concerts, which, I trust, will prove useful to your numerous country subscribers.

Yours, &c. D. S.

January 20, Edinburgh—21, Glasgow—22, Edinburgh—23, Newcastle—24 and 25, Liverpool—27, Belfast—29 and three following days,

Dublin—February 3, Shrewsbury—4, Newcastle-under-Line—5, Leeds—6, Hull—7, Bradford—8, Manchester—10, Halifax—11, Rochdale—12, Birmingham—13, Leamington—14, Worcester and Cheltenham—15, Clifton and Bath—17, Oxford—18, Brighton—19, London.

P. S. Thalberg arrived in London on Thursday evening, and started off, with his party, on Saturday, for Edinburgh.

ON THE PERFECT FOURTH, &c.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

My dear Sir,

Your correspondent, "Musica," does not agree with me that a perfect fifth may as well be considered a discord as a perfect fourth. If a perfect fourth (properly speaking, an eleventh) be employed as a discord, surely its inversion *must* be a discord likewise: for no interval in music changes from a dissonance to a consonance in an inverted form. In the notes, for example—C D G—the C is as much a dissonance as if the notes were thus written—G C D. In the former example, C to G is a perfect fifth: in the latter, G to C is a perfect fourth.

It is, however, *improper* either to call C to G a natural interval, or G to C an inverted one, in the above examples, because they are both used as compound intervals of the eleventh. It is well known that, by adding the natural and inverted intervals together, they will give the number 9,

e.g. I. III. V. VII.

8	6	4	2
9	9	9	9

Again, by adding together the natural with the

compound intervals, 16 will be the product, *e.g.* I. III. V. VII.

15	13	11	9
16	16	16	16

It will, then, be seen by "Musica," that had he agreed with me on this point, the preceding table of addition would have been as clear in his mind as it was in mine, when I advanced my opinion respecting the perfect fifth. Intervals are divided into three sorts, viz., natural, inverted, and compound; nor should they be mixed up with each other, for an inverted interval is no more a compound one than a natural interval is an inverted one.

It is strange that, up to the year 1845, a perfect fourth should be called, by some, a dissonant interval. "Musica" (who, in other respects, gives one little opportunity of judging of his powers of reflection) finds my observations on this subject mere "truisms." I concur with him, however, that I state but a truism in upholding that a perfect fourth is a consonant interval; but how is it then with Mr. Hamilton, who has written a long note, giving it as his opinion that this interval is a dissonant one? I fear "Musica" and Mr. Hamilton will have to fight out this difference of opinion together; at any rate, I am not apprehensive of Mr. Hamilton's defending his notion on this point with me, although a good soldier would point his sword in case of danger, let the attack come from the weakest or strongest opponent. To be serious, I trust, since that now this fourth has been so discussed as to bring it down even to a truism, and that it is a consonant interval, that those who have propounded a contrary opinion will no longer uphold it, because it is injurious to the student to entertain this belief, as I could show by musical examples.

"Musica" never could have thought me so childish as to have supposed that any interval in music could be called by more than one name at the same time. What I did say was, "Every interval may be called by more than one name." This sentence was written to convey the idea, that not only the perfect fourth may bear two roots, but that every interval in music may likewise: *e.g.*, in C to E flat, C is the root; but in C to D sharp, D sharp is the root. It may be disputed by some, whether a diminished seventh bears a root at all; but this is certain, a root *never* can be a dissonance under any circumstances. For my part, I approve of making a root to all the triads, tetrads, and compound dissonances in music.

"Musica" has had no opportunity of judging what technical terms of art I use in music, but he may safely rely on my not using the word "triton." I have in a former letter expressed my opinion of the many useless and senseless terms used by English theorists, such as German, French, Italian, Neapolitan sixths, with many others. I employ the word tetrad, being a useful word, and one agreeing well with the term triad. But no one can tell me that I misapply words, and particularly those who are too hasty in drawing conclusions and disagreeing in opinions are the least at liberty to give a dispassionate judgment at any time. This last sentence is a "truism," I am aware.

"Musica" thinks me too fond of asking questions; I cannot turn round upon him and say, those who write of me are too fond of answering them. I am, however, quite ready and happy to answer "Musica's" question with regard to the intervals of the tenth and twelfth. In no

relation to harmony do either of them differ from a third and fifth. The compound interval of the eleventh would naturally resolve into ten; and the thirteenth into the twelfth. No theorist would figure eleven followed by three, or thirteen followed by five; for to do so would be to act similarly to many theorists in their musical terminology; viz., against all order, connection, convenience, and reason. I close this epistle and will reply to other points of "Musica's" letter on another occasion. Hoping that all the expressions I use in music will be as clearly understood as the subjects which form this letter, believe me, very truly, yours,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S. With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will, before long, give your readers my opinion of "The Chirogymnast."

Reviews.

"Useful Practice"—edited by ROBERT BARNETT. Nos. 8 & 9. (Coventry and Hollier).

Mr. Barnett has selected for the present numbers of his highly useful publication a *rondo* in C major, by Kalkbrenner, and a *rondo* in E flat, by Dussek. The former, in addition to some pretty melody, derives striking utility to learners from its abundance of scale passages;—it is, moreover, written with the usual fluency and tact of the author, who ranks deservedly as one of the first living pianists. The *rondo* of Dussek is a delicious bagatelle, taken from his once universally popular sonata, Op. 37, of which it forms the *finale*. About five and thirty years ago, this *rondo* was jingling on almost every piano-forte in the empire. It has since then been laid by and forgotten, but the "Useful Practice" of Messrs. Coventry and Hollier is likely to bring it once more into universal favour.

"Fragrant morn more bright appears"—vocal duet. BLANGINI. (Leader and Cock).

One of those snatches of easy flowing melody which come within the capabilities of the most humble aspirants to vocal honours, and which at once lay hold of general appreciation by their striking and rhythmical character. Like all the duets of M. Blangini, this is exceedingly well voiced, and its pleasing unaffectedness cannot fail of winning the popular ear.

"Quatre Morceaux pour le piano-forte"—LEOPOLD DE MEYER. Nos. 1 & 2 (forming Nos. 1 & 2 of the "Repertoire de Leopold de Meyer"). (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell).

The style of these pieces is entirely modern—uniting in a great measure the most striking characteristics of Henri Herz and Thalberg, and displaying, at the same time, no small amount of musical feeling. No. 1 contains two *nocturnes*. The first, in D flat major, is slow and impressive—the melody graceful, the harmony *recherché* and occasionally new. This is entitled "*Le Départ*," and leads by a half close on the dominant to another *nocturne* in the same key, entitled "*Le Retour*." This latter is more important, and developed with greater care and elaboration than its precursor. It is in two-four measure, *tempo allegretto*. The *motivo* is playful and pretty, and its treatment throughout four pages betrays fancy and ingenuity in no common extent. The admirers of the great executive powers of Leopold de Meyer will do well to obtain these *nocturnes*, which being much less difficult than the majority of his works, are within reach of pianists of ordinary force, and yet give a good idea of the composer's style. No. 2 (*Airs Russes*) is a very clever and effective arrangement of Russian airs, which is commendable for the characteristic manner in which the feeling of the hyperborean melody is retained. It is in the key of B flat minor, and though difficult, not so much so as to prevent its general utility.

"The Guard's Polka"—J. H. WRIGHT. (Addison and Hodson).

Pretty, lively, and effective—as good, indeed, as most things of its kind. The Polka opens in F major, leads to a bold *trio* in B flat, and resumes the first subject in the original key. We have no doubt that orchestral arrangement would add greatly to its brilliancy.

"Lightsome I wander"—the song of the Minstrel Boy—WALTER CECIL MACFARREN. (C. Ollivier.)

The melody, in D major 6-8-time, is airy and sparkling—the character of the words being successfully conveyed. In the accompaniment we observe a feeling for good and pure harmony, with the ease and fluency of one who thoroughly knows the piano-forte, and writes for it effectively. This is not one of the most attemptive of the composer's songs, but quite accomplishes all it aims at, and is worthy the attention of vocalists from its freshness and brilliancy.

"Choruses and Sacred Pieces, from Haydn, Mozart, Pergolesi, and Graun"—arranged as piano-forte duets—J. F. BURROWES. (Chappell.)

We gladly welcome any means of rendering widely available the works of such composers as the above named. Mr. Burrowes is one of our most reputed arrangers, and is popular as a writer of elementary treatises. No one has been of more essential service to teachers and learners. The present arrangements may rank among his best and most useful. They involve the desirable qualities of classicity and facility. Any one can play them with little trouble, and every one ought to play them, who cannot decipher the originals from score. The six numbers before us include two choruses by Haydn, "The arm of the lord," and "Father we adore thee" (Nos. 1-6)—a motet ("*Splendente te Deus*") and an "*Agnus Dei*" by Mozart (Nos. 3-5)—a "*Te Gloriosus*" from Graun's *Te Deum* (No. 2)—and a "*Gloria in excelsis*" by Pergolesi—(No. 4). We recommend them strongly to teachers who wish to imbue their scholars with a feeling for good substantial music.

"Fleurs des Champs"—Grande Valse—CHARLES HORSLEY. (J. Ewer and Co.)

A brilliant introduction in A major leads to a graceful waltz in the same key—followed by four others, in F major, D minor, E major, and C sharp minor—one and all striking and rhythmical—and the whole concluding with a dashing coda, in which the preceding matters are skilfully and effectively treated. This *Grande Valse*, which is modelled after the plan usually followed by Strauss and his imitators, shows how easily and gracefully an accomplished musician can trifle when the humor takes him. We shall, for the nonce, lay aside our Strauss, and delight our young amateur friends with a specimen of the more classical, though not a whit less captivating effort of our clever young countryman, Charles Horsley—and we zealously urge our readers to follow our example. Whatever is good of its kind must be welcome to the liberal artist—and so as we admire Strauss, still more do we relish one who can emulate Strauss, or forget him altogether, in loftier aspirations—just as the fit may take him.

"The Home of Happier Days"—Ballad—W. BAYLEY. (Monro and May.)

The melody, in F major, simple and touching, is enriched and placed out of the ordinary path of ballad compositions, by a correct and appropriate accompaniment evincing more than one glimpse of true musicianship. The purely *vocal* nature of this ballad will, however, tend most to its unanimous appreciation.

"Come Sister Come"—Cavatina—W. BAYLEY. (Monro and May.)

Of a higher order than the preceding, by reason of its superior plan and the frequency and skill of its modulations. The melody, in A major, is graceful and unaffected—while the accompaniment is indisputably the work of an artist, who comprehends his craft. There is some charming harmony in page 3, where the progression from G major to the dominant of the original key is skilfully and effectively handled. In page 4, a new melody, beginning in A minor, is full of feeling, and this is enhanced by the richness of the accompaniment. A good vocalist might do much for this cavatina.

"Sweet Roses, lady fair"—Ballad—MISS KATE LLOYD. (Monro and May.)

Highly creditable as the work of a fair musician, who has evidently talent and feeling. The melody is rhythmical and easily intelligible, and the accompaniment, in *arpeggio*, is well written, and excellently supports the air. The words by Mrs. John Lockwood, are replete with pretty and natural sentiment.

Provincial Intelligence.

WINCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Mr. Hanson, band master of the 49th regiment stationed at Winchester, gave a concert on last Monday evening week, under the distinguished patronage of Mr. East, M. P. of the city.—Colonel Lascelles, and the officers of the grenadier guard stationed there.—Lieut. Colonel Adams, and the officers the 49th regiment, at the St. John Rooms, which was attended by the rank and fashion of the city and its vicinity. Mr. Hanson had engaged Miss Agnes Taylor, Miss Sara Flower, Mr. John Parry, and Mr. Case, from London, together with his son, Mr. Edward Hanson, an excellent pianoforte player, and the band of the 49th regiment, who performed in a very respectable style the overture to Auber's *Lac des Fées*—selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and the Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. Considering the short period that has elapsed since their return from China, the band does much credit to Mr. Hanson's training. Miss Agnes Taylor sang *Io L'Udia*, the Gipsy Maid, and I muse o'er each remember'd scene, in her usual effective manner. This young lady is much improved, in voice and style, since her visit to Ireland, where she contracted a matrimonial engagement. Miss Sara Flower sang *Se M'Abbandonai* admirably, besides one or two English ballads; amongst others for the first time *The Hindoo Widow*, by Guernsey, which was expressly composed for her; in the last she was encored. The combined efforts of the two young ladies in duets by Bellini and Doctor John Smith of Dublin, told well with the audience, who redemanded both. They also sang *Vaga Luna*, arranged by W. Gillespie, as a duet, with hardly less effect. Mr. E. Hanson performed Thalberg's *Russian Airs*, and Weber's *Concert Stuck*, in both of which he shewed great command over the instrument. Mr. John Parry in his *Fayre Rosamonde* and *The Polka Explained*, as usual delighted his numerous auditory, who betokened their admiration by calling for both again. M. Case played solos on the concertina, and violin to perfection. The audience departed highly pleased with their entertainment.

DEAL.—The Deal Catch Club met on Tuesday last. It was the most overflowing evening of the season, and passed off with the greatest conviviality. The company separated about eleven o'clock, highly gratified with their entertainment.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

WORCESTER.—Thirteen gentlemen have accepted the office of stewards for the forthcoming Worcester Festival, the Rev. J. R. Wood, Canon of Worcester; Rev. J. Wright, Great Malvern; Rev. G. H. Clifton, Ripple; Rev. J. D. Simpson, Shrub's Hill; Rev. R. Berkeley, Colteridge; Rev. H. W. Cookes, Astley; J. B. Morgan, Esq. Powick; E. Holland, Esq., Dumbleton; J. M. Gutch, Esq., Common Hill; John Taylor, Esq., Strensham; W. Tennant, Esq., Ham Court; G. Vernon, Esq., of Hanbury; and Gustavus Smith, Esq., of Glodiche Hall, near Stratford-on-Avon. In addition to liberal donations of Lady Beauchamp and Lord Ashton to the funds of the charity, the Treasurer has received £5 from the Rev. W. H. Havergal, of Henwick House. The Rev. John Harwood has become a subscriber of £15, and Dr. Philimore, Chancellor of the diocese, of £10 to the Guarantee Fund, which now amounts to upwards of £400. The prospects of the Festival are much more auspicious at this early period than was ever known on previous occasions.—*Worcester Guardian*.

LEICESTER.—The fourth of the "Popular Concerts" took place at the New-hall, Wellington-street, on Monday last, when 1,200 persons were present. "The Sea," by Mr. Handscombe, was encored. Mr. Smith's solo on the *cornet a piston*, was very good; and Mr. Nicholson's flute solo, introducing "O Nannie! and St. Patrick's Day," was beautiful. The performances were generally excellent, and the audience highly pleased.—*Leicester Journal*.

MANCHESTER.—Hargreaves Choral Society.—The concert given at the Free-Trade Hall on Thursday evening was one of the most successful of the series: the room was filled, and there was an urgent demand for tickets, as Miss Maria B. Hawes, Mr. J. Bennett, Mr. Machin, and Mr. Richardson, the flutist, were engaged as *stars*. The overture (*Egmont*) of Beethoven, was admirably played. This was followed by a march and chorus, by the same composer, from *The Ruins of Athens*. The effect produced was testified by the plaudits of the company. Calcott's glee, "With sighs, sweet rose," was delightfully given, and Miss Hawes threw powerful effect into the composition. Mr. Bennett sang an adaptation from one of Bellini's operas, and was loudly applauded. Mr. Richardson gratified the auditory with a flute solo, and was honoured most deservedly, with an encore. A song followed, by Mr. Machin, the composition of Mr. J. R. Hatton, of Liverpool, (from his *Pascal Bruno*) brought out recently in Germany, in which Herr Staudigl was principal basso. Mr. Machin ably executed the task assigned to him. Miss Hawes sang with touching pathos a charming little ballad by Mchil, from Joseph and his Brethren, and elicited general applause. The part closed with Bishop's soli and chorus, "Oh, bold Robin Hood." The second part was equally effective. A chorus from "Robert le Diable," was rapturously received. Mr. Machin, in Handel's "Oh, ruddier than the cherry," elicited an encore. Mr. Richardson then favoured the company with another flute solo, introducing the Scotch air, "There's nae luck," &c. The closing piece, "Haste thee, nymph," was playfully given, and formed a delightful finale. The entire performances were highly gratifying; and another proof was given of the rapidly-improving character of these concerts, and of the judgment and acumen with which they are superintended.—*Manchester Times*.

Foreign Intelligence.

DRESDEN. Dec. 23, 1844. (From our own correspondent).—My dear — You see I am very regular in my correspondence. I do not ask you to answer my letters, since you are doubtless occupied with affairs of a much more interesting nature—and, moreover, I do not remain long enough in one place to receive any news from London. I have been two days at Dresden, where I intend giving several concerts. In passing through Leipsic, I met Ernst, who has been there for two months. He has played at several concerts—and at one of the *Abonnement Concerts*, at the *Gewandhaus*, he joined Bazzini, David, and little Joachim, in the Maurer quartet, about which there was such a fuss in London (*apropos* of the Philharmonic) last summer. Your countrywoman, Miss Lincoln, made a favorable sensation at the same concert. The Leipsic people are much pleased with her. Ernst behaved with his usual good nature and liking for English artists, and Miss Lincoln is much touched by his politeness. Mr. Henry Lincoln, brother of the young vocalist, an excellent musician, is at Leipsic with her—which she rightly considers a great advantage. Ernst is coming here, and we propose to give a grand concert together—after which he will repair to Vienna, where he will pass the winter. Ernst is, just now, in very low spirits, on account of the death of one of his most intimate friends, Herr Kistner, the noted music publisher at Leipsic. Every body here feels his loss deeply, for he was a great patron of good music, and a generous friend to artists. He was the proprietor for Germany, of most of the works of your celebrated musician, Sterndale Bennett, and published some of his overtures in score—and was much attached to him. I dare say few will regret the loss of poor Kistner more than Bennett—who received so many attentions from him,

during his two long visits to Leipsic. Herr Kistner died in his box at the theatre, being suddenly taken by an apoplectic fit. Little Joachim is also at Leipsic, where he is studying composition under Schumann (not Hauptmann). You will doubtless say, he had much better have remained with Macfarren—as for me, I have no right to give an opinion, as I am not well acquainted with either of those renowned artists. Joachim is also coming to Dresden for a few days. There have been plenty of concerts here lately. The most brilliant were those of your countryman, the English Liszt—Littolt. He has given three concerts, all of which were well attended, and has now left Dresden for Vienna. Döhler and Piatti have also had much success at Berlin, where they are at this moment. With regard to myself—I gave a concert, some time since, at Frankfort, which was one of the best attended ever known there. The Honorable Mrs. King, an English lady of great wealth, residing at Frankfort, liberally accorded me her superb rooms for my concert. The ordinary price of tickets was raised, and the audience comprised all the fashion of the place and its vicinity. I enclose you an extract from a local journal, which gives all the particulars.* Madame la Baronne de Rothschild gave a grand *soirée* for my advantage, on which occasion I had the honor of performing twice, and received a superb present from my liberal patroness. I have had invitations from the reigning Duke of Saxe Meiningen, and also from the Duke of Saxe Altenburg, by which I intend profiting on my way to Berlin. From Berlin I shall proceed to Hamburg, thence to London, and from London to Edinburgh, where I shall spend the forthcoming season. Pray excuse my careless writing. I am pressed for time, or would copy my letters for you. Having no more to say, I conclude, wishing you every possible success—and am,

Most sincerely your's, SZEPPANOWSKI.

(We have translated the above interesting letter, to the best of our ability—and hope that our readers will thank us for giving them the advantage of perusing its contents.—ED. M. W.)

Miscellaneous.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Bunn has returned from Berlin—he has arranged to produce Meyerbeer's new opera, *The Camp of Silesia*, and has engaged the popular vocalist, Mademoiselle Lind.

MR. BENEDICT.—This distinguished artist has announced a *soirée*, in the Hanover Square Rooms, for February 7. The new invention of O. Coleman, Esq., an American gentleman, called the *Eolian Attachment*, will be exhibited on the occasion. Till then we shall reserve our critical opinion; though, *en passant*, we may say that we have heard its capabilities enforced by Mr. Benedict, and were equally surprised and pleased. All the leading vocalists will assist Mr. Benedict, at his *soirée*.

MELOPHONIC.—This excellent society gave a miscellaneous concert on Tuesday night, which, we hear, was fully attended and went off brilliantly. By some mistake our tickets did not reach us till "the day after the wedding"—Wednesday (yesterday) morning—by which mishap we lost the pleasure we had anticipated of a visit to the previous evening's concert. We should be glad to know whether we are to blame—and, if not, who?

* The extract is from a journal of high repute, and speaks in terms of unrestricted enthusiasm of the fine guitar-playing of our correspondent, M. Szeppanowski.—(ED. M. W.)

MR. HENRY RUSSELL gave a concert on Monday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms, which was crowded to suffocation. In addition to his popular songs of "I'm afloat"—"The dream of the reveller"—"The Newfoundland dog"—"The maniac"—"The ship on fire"—"The gambler's wife"—and the song of the "Ohio boatman"—Mr. Russell gave, for the first time, a musical illustration of the tent scene from *Richard III.* Of this we would rather suspend our opinion until a second hearing makes us more qualified to give a sound one. The audience were evidently pleased; and, doubtless, Mr. Russell will be induced to repeat the experiment shortly. There were several encores, and the accompaniments to the songs were effectively displayed on one of Kirkman's "Fonda" pianofortes—an instrument uniting great brilliancy with a delicious sustaining power.

Last night Mr. Henry Russell gave an entertainment to a crowded audience, at Crosby Hall, with great success. The programme comprised some of his best-known dramatic scenes.

MISS BINFIELD WILLIAMS.—The second *soirée* of this promising young artist took place at Blagrove's concert-room, on Thursday, January 2. We hear that all went off satisfactorily. We were prevented from attending by another engagement, but shall take care to be present at the third and last *soirée*, on Thursday, January 22. The vocalists at the second *soirée* were Misses E. Badger, E. Turner, Lanza, C. Davis, Flower, Ellen Lyon, and Kate Wieland (pupil of Mr. Crouch)—Messrs. Harding, F. N. Crouch, Pagliardini, and Ferrari. The instrumentalists, in addition to Miss Binfeld Williams, were Mr. Key (clarinet)—a young lady, pupil of the concert giver—and Messrs. C. Blagrove and Cittadini, conductors. Miss B. Williams judiciously selected for performance—a duet by Moscheles (with her pupil)—and Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*. We glean these particulars from the programme.

MR. C. E. HORN.—Many correspondents of the "Musical World" have enquired when this accomplished artist is likely to repeat his "Musical Illustrations of Shakspeare's 'Seven Ages,'" which appear to have created a highly favourable sensation on Saturday evening, the 21st ult., at the Polytechnic. Perhaps Mr. Horn, or some of his friends, can supply the desired information.

CINDERELLA.—John Parry has launched a new song, written by Albert Smith, which cannot fail to become as popular as any of his previous inspirations. It was first sung in public at a concert, on Wednesday evening, at Wornum's Rooms, and raised a torrent of applause. The clock striking twelve, while a band is playing a dance in the ball-room, was a capital point. The witty Albert Smith has come out with a fund of his exquisite drollery and dry humour. Poet and musician were never better allied than Albert Smith and John Parry.

MR. RANSFORD'S entertainment relating to "Gipsy Life," came off with such decided success, that he has already announced a repetition of it. Circumstances prevented our attendance last Thursday night—but we shall assuredly be present on the next occasion. We hear good accounts, both of the entertainment and the singing—in which Miss Ellen Lyon was Mr. Ransford's coadjutor, and Mr. Emanuel his accompanist—from competent authorities.

HESSE-CASSEL.—On the first of January, 1845, a new opera, by LOUIS SPOHR, entitled "*Die Kreuzfahrer*," (the Crusades) was produced, with brilliant success. In the course of the performance the audience called three times for the eminent composer; and, at the end, due honour was shown to the vocalists who appeared on the occasion.—(ALBERT SCHLOSS.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N.—Many thanks—the promised communications will be most welcome. MR. W. BLACKMAN.—The anthems shall receive early attention. MR. R. ANDREWS, must forgive our temporary neglect; we shall make speedy amendment. GEORGE.—We trust our present shape will ensure our correspondent's favourable opinion, the account of the examination for the King's Scholarships at the Royal Academy appeared in the MUSICAL WORLD, of Thursday, December 26. MRS. H. MACARTNEY.—We entreat pardon, and promise that for the future there shall be no cause for complaint. MR. HORN is thanked for his politeness, and we shall be glad to hear of the recommencement of his entertainments, in order to avail ourselves of the privilege. MR. J. FORSTER.—We hoped to hear again gain from our correspondent ere this. MISS LOCKEY.—We shall feel particularly obliged, in case of any non-regularity in the delivery of the MUSICAL WORLD, if our correspondent will immediately inform us. MR. G. F. DISTIN is thanked for his politeness. MR. ST. LEGER's communication was attended to. MISS ROLLO DICKSON.—Thanks. MR. J. R. LING will find that he has anticipated rightly—we shall have more room, and consequently more matter; we are obliged for his good wishes, and shall gladly give insertion to his verses. MR. N. BAILEY.—MR. J. W. WINDSOR.—MR. STORER.—MR. TREAKELL.—MR. T. GRAHAM.—MR. G. M. AINSWORTH.—MR. W. MARSDEN—received with thanks. MR. F. HILL, we have inserted the account sent us. MR. T. B. SCARBOROUGH, thanks; his request shall be attended to. MR. C. KLITZ has been written to privately. MR. F. VENUE, on reference we find our correspondent perfectly correct. MISS BARRETT.—Thanks—the MUSICAL WORLD shall be forwarded regularly. MR. E. FELLOWS—we will inquire; we have no doubt that our correspondent is correct, but such mistakes will occur occasionally.

. In the next number of the MUSICAL WORLD. No. I. of a Series of Original Papers, by DR. S. F. RIMBAULT, will appear.

The remainder of our correspondence will be answered next week. Several subscriptions have been received and will be acknowledged then. We entreat such of our subscribers as have received their accounts to oblige us by an early remittance, as our expenses now are very heavy. We beg leave to call attention to the circumstance that our city agent for the future will be W. STRANGE, Paternoster Row. Sole Publisher, G. PURKISS, 60, Dean Street, Soho, to whom all communications must be sent addressed to the Editor, free of expense.

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I have the honor to be, Sir, &c.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS MURRAY,
Master of Her Majesty's Household.

Institute de France, Royal Academy of Fine Arts.

Paris, 20th Dec. 1841.

SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that the Academy has referred the inspection of your *Chirogymnast* to its musical department. And Mr. Carafa is named to draw up the report. We advise you, therefore, to put yourself in communication with this much honored Academician, that he may better understand your explanations relative to this Instrument, and report them to the Members of the Academy.

I beg to remain, Sir, &c. &c.

RAOUL ROCLETTE,
Perpetual Secretary to the Royal Academy of Music.

A Letter from the Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Fine Arts.

SIR,—I have the honor to enclose you a Copy of the report made to the Institute by Monsieur Carafa, appointed by the musical department to report upon the merits of the *Chirogymnast*, of which you are the Inventor. The approval of this invention, will I trust indemnify you for the trouble you must have been put to, and the perseverance you had in the construction of your instrument, for the purpose of facilitating to pupils the study of the pianoforte. The *Chirogymnast* being adopted by our most celebrated Professors, will sufficiently prove the importance in which it is held.

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FOR THE QUEEN'S BOUDOIR,

EDITED BY CHARLES JEFFERYS.

The annuals are the ambassadors of Christmas. They bring with them visions of a pleasant time not far off. Plum-pudding and snap-dragon, and a merry country dance and blind man's buff, and all the agreeable auxiliaries of the most comfortable season of the English year—the delightful jollities with which we *fete* the departure of the old year, as of an ancient and cherished friend—are typified plainly on the face of them. We love to look upon their gaudy trappings, swaggering and glittering with such infinity of promise—we love no less to glance through their, but too often, empty interiors, answering us good-naturedly with a smile red-lent of nothing. But the whole matter is a pleasant jest and should be welcomed with open arms by all who love a show of happiness that comes but "once a year." A true philosopher enjoys a pantomime—a fact pleasantly memorialized by Leigh Hunt, in one of the admirable papers of his "Indicator"—and why should we not equally enter into the spirit of an annual? It means nothing—it is nothing—it *ought* to be nothing but a sign of the time, an emblazoned record of an annual merriment. To those who do not side with us, we recommend a perusal of the works of the most natural and humanising of England's poets, who have often and clearly demonstrated, that not to be happy and thoughtless, not to have a heart full of love and welcome for everything and nothing at the "jolly Christmas time," indicates strongly a want of heart altogether. "The Book of Beauty for the Queen's Boudoir," is annually one of the pearls of its merry tribe—and its contributions to the leisure time of 1845, are no less than ever attractive. Its covering and embellishments—its emblazoning, its lithographing, and what not—are of a splendour which at once dazzles the eye, and leads the understanding, in chains, to offer homage at its shrine. The pencil of the polypictorial Brandard—the graphic genius of the music-shops—has seldom been employed to more advantage. It is no small compliment to say of him that he is an artist in spite of *molley*—gold and tinsel become plastic under his magic wand; and he fairly converts the most trivial materials into objects worthy the admiration of all gazers. His "Evening at Naples," "Reconciliation," and his "Ma Normandie," are master-pieces in their way. Nor is he slightly indebted to the careful press of Hanhart, who in the department of music-annual lithographic-impression, is without a rival. The musical contributions this year, in a great measure, scoff at our impeachment of emptiness. Some of the pieces, vocal and instrumental, are really charming. A *divertissement*, "An Evening in Naples," by Charles Glover, is full of Italian feeling—the *tarantella* is as good as almost anything of its kind. Some polkas, and a cavatina, "Merry is the Greenwood," by Stephen Glover, are also well worthy mention. A vocal duet, "We were children together," by George Macfarren (a classical name for an album), to which words full of natural sentiment have been wedded by Desmond Ryan, is an exquisite *morceau*, instinct with pure melody and musician-like harmony. Besides these we may notice a pretty ballad, "The Widow and her Child," by Edward Loder, in his most catching style; a very graceful song, "Flow Rio Verde," by Thomas Baynam, a name new to us; a touching ballad, "The Song of the Past," written and composed by Mr. Charles Jefferys, the intelligent editor of the annual; a lively *Quadrille*, by Fleche; a clever song, "Laugh, lady, laugh," by Montgomery; another of no less merit, by Louis Leo, "Gilding o'er the morpheus ocean;" and an excellent set of quadrilles, by Camille Schubert, with the emblematic nomenclature of "Le Rose,"—besides many other items of assured merit, which our space unfortunately will not allow us to particularize. In fine, of the kind of publication which it affects to emulate, we have met with few more worthy general attention than "A Book of Beauty for the Queen's Boudoir"—a seemingly and valuable Christmas present for any young lady who may be inclined to accept it of any young gentleman who may feel inclined to make an offer.—*Morning Post*.

C. JEFFERYS, 21, SOHO SQUARE.

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To be had of all Music Sellers; and at the author's residence, 26, Soho Square, where he gives private lessons on the violin or pianoforte (with and without the violin accompaniment). Mr. Cohan also attends at the residences of his pupils.

(In the press.)

A new "GRAND MORCEAU" for the pianoforte, by the same composer.

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